

## Soundtracks

### "We've Had Enough"

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We've had enough of the What chu coulda, what you woulda

What you shoulda done Was to avoid the unbeatable  
dodge the undefeatable two We've Had enough

And we're prepared for war, prpared for the toe to toe  
so let's go

Prepared for the head to head, nuff said

We about to put these little punks to bed

One slap, kick a\*\*, b\*tch slap, four These punk a\*\*es  
ain't ready for war

These little b\*tches ain't ready to rise And it's nowhere  
to run, nowhere to hide

Lights out, one tag, two tag, kaboom

Let 'em feel the paint, don't count 'em out too soon

Let 'em hit the mat, then pick 'em up on 2, Suffer, pain,  
hurt, you're through

Over, done, bodycount tally

Last call, move on, 3D finale

Told you all we come to settle the score

The talkin ends now, it's time for war

We had enough best say no more

Come here to settle the score, so let's go

Tonight all debts will be paid in full

All debts collected, all wrongs corrected

It's been enough talk, there's been enough threats

About which 2 man team is the best

So listen now, see us here now,

Don't care who you are, y'all goin' down

I'm fed up to here, don't doubt the will

I'm gonn ado the job, gonna go for the kill

Drive to survivee. Best to say good bye

Hardcore rules apply

So come on, come on, come on, do ya hear us?

Come on, come on, come on, are you with us?

Hands in the air if you feel us, come on

Hands in the air if you feel us, come on

Catch me, any part of town, bling to the navel

Honeys got their eyes on the cable

I step like, I walk like I don't care  
I might screw face, your whole place, I have no fear  
I live amongst wolves, set up shop in their den  
I'll never lose my jewels, and have to cop it again  
They don't know what the hell I've seen,  
Never been where I've been  
They'll never try me again

Louder than f\*\*\*, and twice as tough  
Like New York City, we ain't never giving up.  
A God given package, ask all the women  
Hard like steel, tougher than denim  
There's no limit to how I live it  
No amount of pressure can test my will  
We're here to clean house, king of the hill

All the other wrestlers think they can be like us  
Tryin' to take us down with just 1 punch  
Now they wonder why me and Bubba blow 'em out  
Next time, close your mouth  
Now you're lookin' like new jack, all  
flabby and sick  
Tryin' to play your hate on our sh\*\*  
we've had enough

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